

I would not have thee know, mother,
How brightest hopes decay,
The tempter with his baneful cup
Has dashed them all away;
And shame has left its venom sting,
To rack with anguish wild,
Yet still I would not have thee know
The sorrows of thy child.

I know you would not chide, mother,
You would not give me blame,
But soothe me with a tender word
And bid me hope again.
I'm lonely and forsaken now,
Unpitied and unblest,
Yet still, I would not have thee know
How sorely I'm distressed.

I've wandered far away, mother,
Since I deserted thee,
And left thy trusting heart to break
Beyond the deep blue sea;
Yet mother still I love thee well,
I long to hear thee speak,
And feel again that balmy breath
Upon my careworn cheek.

But ah! there is a thought, mother,
Pervades my beating breast,
That thy freed spirit may have flown
To its eternal rest.
And as I wipe the tear away,
There whispers in my ear
A voice that speaks of Heaven, mother,
And bids me seek thee there.

2. TASTE NOT—A STORY FOR BOYS.

Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of the eyes? They that tarry long at the wine.—Prov. XXIII 29.

A happy little boy was Freddie Felix—happy because he was good—almost idolized by fond parents as their first born, the pet of the household, loved by all his schoolmates, and a general favourite; indeed,

"None knew him but to love him,
Nor named him but to praise."

The halcyon days of childhood passed, and Freddie, a fair, promising youth, bade fair to become an ornament to society, with popularity undiminished, his sunny smile, cheerful mien, and gentlemanly bearing insured him a cordial welcome wherever he appeared.

One evening he attended a gay wedding party, where the "glasses sparkled on the board," and "the wine was ruby bright;" he was repeatedly invited to drink, and as often refused, and not until the fair bride insisted on a health did he assent.

Fatal glass! it was the first—would to God it could have been the last. He little thought that in drinking a health to the bride—he was drinking ruin to his own immortal soul.

Let me entreat you, my dear boys, to beware of the first false step. That once taken, how rapidly, how smoothly we glide down, down to eternal perdition.

"Poor Fred! poor fellow!" was echoed and re-echoed by former friends, who were dropping off, one by one, wisely shunning the inebriate.

His devoted mother, with heart withering in her bosom, vainly tried to conceal his fault, and loved him more dearly since deserted by others.

His father, all his bright hopes blighted, threatened to disown him; but the unfortunate son promised to reform, and did for a while abstain.

In the meantime he married an amiable, pious woman, but his future was paved with broken vows and ill-kept resolutions.

Poor Fred, fallen and degraded, has passed through all the dark and gloomy scenes of a drunkard's life.

His windows, with broken panes, have been stuffed with old rags, until the bright sunlight was shut out, and with it health and happiness: his wretched abode was made more sorrowful by the cries of his children for bread, and the bitter tears rolling down his wife's pale cheeks, once blooming in health, now pallid and sunken from want.

Heart-broken wife! she will hunger and thirst no more forever; her last tears of anguish are shed; she rests from her cares on the bosom of her Saviour.

You think now, my dear boys, Fred is a reformed man, you think he could not witness such distress and still pursue the same downward courses that caused it; you must remember, the strong fetters of intemperance are hard to break.

His children have deserted him; he is now almost friendless and alone in the world; one faithful heart still clings to him, and prays without ceasing for his reformation, not without hope that her prayers may be heard, and happily answered.

From that first glass at the wedding party, we can date the downfall of the victim of intemperance.

I trust all my dear young readers will take warning, and "look not upon the wine when it is red." At the last, "it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—*Episcopal Recorder*.

X. Short Critical Notices of Books.

— SCOTTISH LIFE AND CHARACTER: by S. B. Ramsay, LL.D., Dean of Edinburgh. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. So popular has this work been in Britain, that it has already gone through seven editions in Edinburgh since 1850. The present American edition has been prepared by the author himself. It is an entertaining book, full of genuine Scottish humor and anecdote. The paper and typography are excellent.

— TRAVELS IN THE REGIONS OF THE AMOOR; by T. W. Atkinson, F.R.G.S. New York: Harper and Brothers. The author of this work has already published an interesting book of Travels in Siberia. This reprint of an English work is a companion volume, and contains a sketch of his further travels in Asia, in the regions of the Upper and Lower Amoor river, and in the recent Russian acquisitions on the confines of India and China. It is interspersed with accounts of his adventures among the mountain Kirghis and the hunting and pastoral tribes in those parts of Asia. The map and illustrations are very good, and the type is large.

— HAND BOOK OF MEDICAL INFORMATION AND ADVICE. London: James Hogg and Son. This work has been prepared by a physician, and contains a brief account of the nature and treatment of common diseases, hints to be followed in emergencies, and suggestions as to the management of a sick-room, and the preservation of health. The book is well printed on good paper.

— READINGS FOR YOUNG MEN, &c. London: James Blackwood. This book is made up of a series of readings, in the shape of extracts from various works, and anecdotes, &c., containing advice and rules for the guidance of young men, merchants and others, in the great business of life. It is a useful compilation.

— THE BOOK AND ITS STORY. New York: Carter and Brothers. This is a very nice reprint of a recent English work on the history of the Bible—OF THE BOOK. It contains "the 'story' of the Bible from the first dawn of revelation to the completion of the sacred canon, with interesting details of its translation and circulation from the earliest efforts to the present time." To all those who feel an interest in the Bible Society and its operation throughout the world this will be a welcome volume.

— TEACHER'S ASSISTANT; by Charles Northend, A.M. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee and Co. We cordially welcome such books as this, as they furnish valuable suggestions on a delicate and difficult subject, to teachers in the prosecution of their work. This volume contains, in the form of a series of familiar letters from Mr. Northend to one entering upon the teachers' work, a number of "hints and methods in school discipline and instruction,"—the result of his own experience and observation. The paper and type are good.

— THE PRINCE'S TOUR; Montreal: John Lovell.—This work has been compiled by "a British Canadian," and contains 272 pages, octavo. Like all Mr. Lovell's books, it is well printed. It is done up with a cloth cover, and contains an excellent likeness of the Prince. The Prince's tour through British America and the United States is given in full from contemporary records. We are glad to learn that a good number of copies of the work have been subscribed for.

— GOLDSMITH'S VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. London: James Hogg & Sons. This is another of Hogg's series of attractive books. It is a very neat edition of a well known and universally popular book. The illustrations are striking and the type large and good.